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The Kansas News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.

The Bath at Damascus.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Bath is the "peculiar institution" of the East. Coffee has become colonized in France and America; the Pipe is a cosmopolitan, and his blue, joyous breath congeals under the Arctic Circle, or melts languidly into the soft air of the Polynesian Isles; but the Bath, that sensuous elysium which cradled the dreams of Plato, and the visions of Zoroaster, and the solemn meditations of Mahomet, is only to be found under an oriental sky. The naked natives of the torrid zone are amphibious; they do not bathe, they live in the water. The European and Anglo-American wash themselves, and think they have bathed, they shudder under cold showers, and perform laborious antics with coarse towels. As for the Hydropathist—the genius of the Bath, whose dwelling is in Damascus, he would be convulsed with scornful laughter, could he behold that aqueous Diogenes in his tub, or stretched out in his wet rappings, like a sodden mummy, in a catamount of blankets and featherbeds. As the rose in the East has a rarer perfume than in other lands, so does the Bath bestow a superior purification, and impart a more profound enjoyment.

Come with me, and I will show you the mysteries of the perfect Bath. Here is the entrance, a heavy Saracenic arch, opening upon the crowded bazaar. We descend a few steps to the marble pavement of a lofty octagonal hall, lighted by a dome. There is a jet of sparkling water in the centre, falling into a heavy stone basin. A platform about five feet in height runs around the hall, and on this are ranged a number of narrow couches, with their heads to the wall, like the pallets in a hospital ward. The platform is covered with straw matting, and from the wooden gallery which rises above it, are suspended towels, with blue and crimson borders. The master of the bath receives us courteously, and conducts us to one of the vacant couches. We kick off our red slippers below, and mount the steps to the platform. Yonder traveler, in Frank dress, who has just entered, goes up with his boots on, and we know, from that fact, what sort of a bath he will get.

As the work of disrobing proceeds, a dark-eyed boy appears with a napkin, which he holds before us, ready to bind it about the waist, as soon as we regain our primitive form. Another attendant throws a napkin over our shoulders, and wraps a third around our head, turban wise. He then thrusts a pair of wooden clogs upon our feet, and, taking us by the arm, steers our tottering and clattering steps, as we pass through a low door and warm ante-chamber into the first hall of the bath. The light, falling dimly through a cluster of bulls' eyes in the domed ceiling, shows, first, a silver thread of water, playing in a streamy atmosphere; next, some dark motionless objects, stretched out on a low central platform of marble. The attendant spreads a linen sheet in one of the vacant places; a pillow at one end, takes off our clogs, deposits us gently on our back, and leaves us. The pavement is warm beneath us, and the first breath we draw gives us a sense of suffocation. But a bit of burning alwood has just been carried through the hall, and the steam is permeated with fragrance. The dark-eyed boy appears with narghileh, which he places beside us, offering the amber mouth-piece to our submissive lips. The smoke we inhale has an odor of roses; and as the pipe bubbles with our breathing, we feel that the dew of sweat gather heavily upon us. The attendant now re-appears, kneels beside us, and gently kneads us with dexterous hands. Although no anatomist, he knows every muscle and sinew whose suppleness gives ease to the body, and so moulds and manipulates them, that we lose the rigidity of our mechanism and become plastic in his hands. He turns us up on our face, repeats the same process upon the back and leaves us a little longer to lie there passively, glistening in our own dew.

We are aroused from a reverie about nothing by a dark brown shape, who replaces the clogs, puts his arm around our waist, and leads us into an inner hall, with a steaming tank in the centre. Here he slips us off the brink, and we collapse over head and ears in the fiery fluid. Once—twice—we dip into the delicious heat, and then are led into the marble alcove, and seated flat upon the floor. The attendant stands behind us, and we now perceive that his hands are encased in dark hair gloves. He pounces upon an arm, which he rubs until, like a serpent, we slough the worn out skin, and resume our infantile smoothness and fairness. No man can be called clean, until he has bathed in the East. Let him walk directly from his accustomed bath and self-cleaning with towels to the Hamman-el-Hyateen, and the attendant will exclaim as he shakes his hair gloves: "O Frank! it is a long time since you have bathed." The other arm follows the back, the breast, and legs, until the work is complete, and we know precisely how a horse feels after he has been curried.

Now the attendant turns two cocks at the back of the alcove, and holding a basin alternately under the cold and hot streams, floods us at first with a fiery dash, that sends a delicious warm shiver through every nerve; then with milder applications, lessening the temperature of the water by semitones, until, from the highest key of heat which we could bear, we glide rapturously down the gamut until we reach the lowest base of coolness. The skin has by this time attained an exquisite sensibility, and answers to these changes of temperature with thrills of the purest physical pleasure. In fact, the whole frame seems purged of its earthly nature and transformed into something of a finer and more delicate texture.

After a pause, the attendant makes his appearance with a large wooden bowl, a piece of soap and a bunch of palm fibres. He squats down beside the bowl and speedily creates a mass of snowy lather, which grows up to a pyramid and topples over the

THE KANZAS NEWS.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

By P. B. PLUMB.

EMPORIA, KANZAS, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.

VOL. 1—No. 12.

JOB PRINTING.

The office of THE KANZAS NEWS is furnished with a complete assortment of the newest styles of Type, Borders, Flourishes, Cuts, Cards, Fancy Papers, Colored Inks, Bronze, &c., enabling the proprietor to print Circulars, Cards, Certificates of Stock, Deeds, Posters, and all other kinds of Job Printing, in a manner unsurpassed in the country. Particular attention paid to printing all kinds of Blankets. Orders are week promptly attended to when accompanied with Cash. "Excelsior" is our motto.

Letter from Senator Mason on Kansas.

WINCHESTER, Va., July 22, '57.

To the Editor of the South:—

DEAR SIR:—In your paper of Monday last, in an article headed "Walker's Usurpation," I observe the following paragraph: "But were told that Hunter and Mason, and other distinguished Southern Senators, in the debate on the Nebraska bill, expressed the same opinion, that Kansas must be a Free State, &c."

I cannot undertake to say what opinion may have been expressed by my honored colleague, or by any other Senator from the South in reference to the probable condition of Kansas, though from a general knowledge of their views in regard to that Territory, I should not doubt that any opinions so expressed would have reference to circumstances and contingencies necessarily qualifying them. To avoid misconception, however, I think it proper to say that I never expressed the opinion thus ascribed to me, because I never entertained it. At the time the law passed, organizing the Territorial government, there were few with whom I conversed who did not believe that the future State would take its place with those recognizing and cherishing the condition of African Slavery. There was at that time certainly every reason to believe why this should be so, and none why it should not. The State of Missouri, bordering its eastern frontier, was a slave-holding State, holding at that time nearly a hundred thousand slaves, and these were chiefly held in border counties.

The State of Arkansas, adjacent to the Territory, on the South, was likewise a slave-holding State. The soil and climate of Kansas were well adapted to those valuable products, chiefly hemp and tobacco, which gave value to slave labor in Missouri. The proximity of its population, with the attractions of new, fertile, and cheap land, I believed would lead the slaveholders in Missouri to diffuse themselves speedily over Kansas, and the prohibitory line of 36 30 being obliterated, there was no reason why they should not. I had no fear of fair competition in such appropriation of the new Territory, from any quarter. Unfair competition I did not look to. What may yet be the result as to the condition of Kansas, notwithstanding the extraordinary and unscrupulous efforts of Northern abolitionists to force a population there, I cannot undertake to say. Nor will I allude in this place to the new and unexpected aspect now exhibited of affairs in that Territory, with so much propriety reprinted in the columns of the South. Whatever may be the information of others, I certainly am not sufficiently informed of the existing state of things in Kansas, to form a clear opinion one way or the other; yet I will venture to say this much, that if African slavery be ultimately excluded from Kansas, it will be effected by the numerical force of organized majorities, operating against the usual laws which govern emigration; and will present a new and most instructive lesson to the Southern States.

Very respectfully, I am yours,

J. M. MASON.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, the colleague and abettor of the late Bully Brooks, takes a rather desperate view of the prospects of slavery. In a recent speech to his constituents he said:

"The great deep at the North seems to me to be broken up, and the Abolition flood rises higher every day. Little subaltern municipal elections, and the control of cross roads, which the opponents of Republicanism have recently, in some instances, torn from them, are not noticeable wrecks upon the waters. They have the legislative, judicial and executive power; and this is all that we of the South are concerned about. I believe by the signs that the Democracy will be defeated in 1860; and while I entertain this belief, I shall not conceal it. I believe that the safety of the South is only in herself. The road to Federal honors should not be over her rights, nor should betrayal and treachery be the passport to Federal favor. My advice, then, to the South, is to have some—not absolute—confidence in the National Democratic party, and keep her powder dry. The latter is much more likely to save her than the former."

Free Negroes.

"Steps are being taken in Virginia to get up petitions to the next Legislature, asking that body to confer upon County Courts power to sell free negroes in cases where those depending on them for support are neglected, the money to go to the maintenance of their families; or in case of are found to pay their debts, that similar action be had. This, says a Southern paper, is a commendable move, and will meet a hearty response from the citizens of the State generally, every portion of which is overrun by idle, trifling, thieving, free negroes, who incite well-disposed slaves to steal and to perpetrate other punishable offences. Poor darkeys! they have no friends."

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—Dr. Lee, in noticing the last number of the Southern Methodist Quarterly, says in the Richmond Advocate: "Of the forty-nine books noticed this quarter, not one was issued by a Southern house, if we except Mrs. Vaughan's 'First Book for Children,' which has a Richmond imprint, and the Smithsonian Report, published in Washington. London, Edinburgh, Boston and New York furnish nearly all the books which are here reviewed. This is a suggestive fact. The editor is not to blame; we do not say that anybody is to blame, that we have to import our literature."

NEW SPURIOUS NOTE.—A new \$10 note on the Merchants' Bank, Baltimore, made its appearance in Cincinnati recently. It has for centre vignette two human figures, figure of monster standing chest, etc., and letter X each side. Genuine bill, for centre vignette a railroad train. This difference will enable our readers to detect this attempt to impose on the public.—Baltimore American.

edge. Seizing us by the crown tuft of hair upon our shaven head, he plants the foamy bunch of fibres full in our face. The world vanishes; sight, hearing, smell, taste, (unless we open our mouth,) and breathing are cut off; we have become nebulous. Although our eyes are shut, we seem to see a blank whiteness; and, feeling nothing but a soft fleeciness, we doubt if we be not the Olympian cloud which visited Io. But the cloud clears away before stragulation begins, and the velvety mass descends upon the body. Twice are we thus "slushed" from head to foot, and made more slippery than the appointed wrestlers of the Greek games. Then the basin comes again into play, and we glide more musically through the scale of temperature.

The brown sculptor has now nearly completed his task. The figure of clay which entered the bath is transformed into polished marble. He turns the body from side to side, and lifts the limbs to see whether the workmanship is adequate to his conception. His satisfied gaze proclaims his success. A skillful bath attendant has a certain aesthetic pleasure in his occupation. The bodies he polishes become to some extent his own workmanship, and he feels responsible for their symmetry or deformity. He experiences a degree of triumph in contemplating a beautiful form, which has grown more airy, light and beautiful under his hands. He is a great connoisseur of bodies, and could pick out the finest specimens with as ready an eye as an artist.

But, while we have been thinking these thoughts, the attendant has been waiting to give us a final plunge in the seething tank. Again we slide down to the eyes in the fluid heat, which wraps us closely about until we tingle with exquisite hot shiverings. Now comes the graceful boy, with cool, clean, lavender napkins, which he folds around our waist and wraps softly about our head. The patterns are put upon our feet, and the brown arm steadies us gently through the sweating-room and ante-chamber into the outer hall, where we mount to our couch. We sink gently upon the cool linen, and the boy covers us with a perfumed sheet. Then, kneeling beside the couch, he presses the folds of the sheet around us, that it may absorb the lingering moisture and the limpid perspiration shed by the departing heat. As fast as the linen becomes damp, he replaces it with fresh, pressing the folds about us as tenderly as a mother arranges the drapery of her sleeping babe; for we, though of the stature of a man, are now infantile in our helpless happiness. Then he takes our passive hand and warms its palm by the soft friction of his own; after which, moving to the end of the couch, he takes our feet upon his lap, and repeats the friction upon their soles, until the blood comes back to the surface of the body with a moist glow, like that which steeps the clouds of a summer afternoon.

We have but one more process to undergo, and the attendant stands already at the head of our couch. This is the course of passive gymnastics, which excites so much alarm and resistance in the ignorant Frank. It is only resistance that is dangerous, completely neutralizing the enjoyment of the process. Give yourself with a blind submission into the arms of the brown Fate, and he will lead you to new chambers of delight. He lifts us to a sitting posture, places himself behind us, and folds his arms around our body, alternately tightening and relaxing his clasp, as if to test the elasticity of the ribs. Then seizing one arm he draws it across the opposite shoulder until the joint cracks like a percussion cap. The shoulder blades, the elbows, the wrists and the finger joints are all made to fire off their muffled volleys; and then, placing one knee between our shoulders, and clasping both hands upon our forehead, he draws our head back until we feel a great snap of the vertebral column. Now he descends to the hip joints, knees, ankles and feet, forcing each and all to discharge a salvo de joie. The slight languor left from the bath is gone, and airy, delicate exhilaration, befitting the winged Mercury, takes its place.

The boy, kneeling, presents us with a *finjan* of foamy coffee, followed by a glass of sherbet cooled with the snows of Lebanon. He presently returns with a narghileh, which we smoke by the effortless inhalation of the lungs. Thus we lie in perfect repose, soothed by the fragrant weed, and idly watching the silent Orientals who are undressing for the bath, or reposing like ourselves. Through the arched entrance we see a picture of the Bazaars: a shadowy painting of merchants seated amid their silks and spices, dotted here and there with golden drops and splashes of sunshine, which have trickled through the roof. The scene paints itself upon our eyes, yet wakes no slightest stir of thought. The brain is a becalmed sea, without a ripple on its shores. Mind and body are drowned in delicious rest; and we no longer remember what we are. We only know that there is an existence somewhere in the air, and that wherever it is, or whatever it may be, it is happy.

More and more dim grows the picture.—The colors fade and blend into each other, and finally merge into a bed of rosy clouds, flooded with the radiance of some unseen sun. Gentler than "tired eyes upon tired eyes," sleep lies upon our senses—a half-conscious sleep, wherein we know that we behold light and inhale fragrance. As gently the clouds dissipate into the air, and we are born again into the world. The bath is at an end. We arise and put on our garments, and walk forth into the sunny streets of Damascus. But as we go homewards, we involuntarily look down to see whether we are really treading upon the earth; wondering, perhaps, that we should be content to do so, when it would be so easy to soar above the house-tops.

A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, in France, says: "It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants built entirely of brick?"

This is equaled only by a known description of Albany, which runs thus: "Albany is a city of eight thousand houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, with most of their gable ends to the street!"

Evening in New York.

The old clock on the City Hall has struck six. The toll of the day is over. From every workshop the hard-working mechanics pour forth, and the streets are filled with laborers returning home. The rough Irishman, the shrewd Yankee, the enterprising tradesman and the care-worn shop girl, all welcome the hour of rest. For the last hour the hands of the clock have been narrowly watched by the laborers in the shops, and a feeling of relief at the close of the day's toil expresses itself in the countenance of every one. Up Broadway the multitude passes, and each one seeks his own quiet home. From half-past six till seven, the streets are comparatively quiet. It is a rest preparatory to the excitement of the evening. At seven the pleasure-loving throng pour forth in pursuit of amusement. The tastes of all find gratification for the evening. The opera, the theatre, the gallery of paintings and the museum, all have their patrons. At this hour the enthusiastic vendors of hot corn begin their nightly rounds.

One who walks Broadway in the evening must look well to his steps. It seems as though half the street was occupied by piles of bricks, and that every step in the dark must inevitably land the wayfarer in a cellar-way. A panorama of Broadway has been well hit off thus: "Pile of bricks, unfinished pavement, hotel, another pile of bricks, two more hotels, unfinished pavement, another pile of bricks, another hotel, more bricks, etc., ad infinitum!"

The monotony of evening is occasionally relieved by the fire bell or some accident; otherwise the evening of one day is an exact daguerotype of the past.

Eleven o'clock has struck, and the places of amusement begin to pour forth their crowded audiences. The omnibus is now the great attraction, and the universal favorite. Nothing is more exciting or ludicrous than the Babel-like confusion in the street. It is a scene which baffles the courage of the most efficient police. The courageous public, the frightened females, the impudent drivers and the patient horses, all play their nightly parts to perfection. Timid women, dragging on their unresisting companions—venerable gentlemen with gold-headed canes, and country cousins who think this a part of the exhibition, plunge into the melee, and desperately grasp the stage door. Young America looks on with a smiling face, and cries, "Go it, Eighth Avenue! All right, Bowery! Give it to him, Bleeker street!"

In the midst of all this hubbub and confusion, the omnibus man, who is the sole cause of this disturbance and who makes his living by it, sits upon his box and enjoys the scene, well knowing that he will have a full stage up town. Meanwhile he keeps up a running fire of "Here's Broadway and Bleeker street; Broadway and Fifth avenue; Broadway and Forty-second street; here's for the Bowery and Fourth avenue," etc. The stages are at last filled, and go rattling up the street. Here ends the scene for tonight, which is re-enacted every night in the week.

Another Walker Expedition.

Some parties in this city, who have heretofore been conspicuously engaged in General Walker's Central American crusade, significantly assert, that preparations are on foot for another grand demonstration, at no distant day. A secret plan is said to exist, which contemplates the raising of an army of ten thousand men, all of whom shall embark or set sail about the same time for some port in Nicaragua. Nothing is to be left undone which shall tend to secure efficiency and eventual success. Baltimore is to furnish from three to four hundred, with full equipments, money, etc. It is further stated that persons fully pledged have already been secured in the city, who are only waiting due notice, and the full consummation of Gen. Walker's plans, to be off. It is known as the "Central American League." Who the parties are that are attached to this League we are unable to say, or whether they have been absolutely consolidated, as rumored, cannot be fully ascertained, except so far as current rumor goes. Such secret filibustering expeditions are reprehensible; and if the one in question does not really exist, its movements will, doubtless, be more fully ascertained in due time. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and all the other leading cities in the Union, are said to be united in this movement.—Baltimore Patriot, Aug. 20th.

The three old Whig States, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, elect twenty-two "Democratic" to six "American" Members of Congress, and give an aggregate Democratic majority of over 30,000. The people of those States comprehend the real issue—Slavery Extension against Slavery Restriction—and vote for the party that combines the power with the will to uphold and advance the Pro-Slavery standard. They vote against the American party, not its radical idea, as tending, if supported in the South, only to divide and weaken the champions of Slavery Extension. Shall the North alone be blind to such obvious truths?—N. Y. Tribune.

PATRIOTIC EXTRACT.—An orator in a rural district thus held forth on the Fourth: "The American Eagle! the American Eagle! gentlemen, that proud bird of our liberties, as she stands—she stands—standing [with great vigor] with one foot on the Alleghenies and the other on the Rocky Mountains, and stretching her broad wings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall—stretching her broad wings—with one foot on the Rocky Mountains and the other on the Alleghenies, shall—shall now, gentlemen and fellow citizens, in the glorious freedom of—her NATIVE AIR!"

The general post office has decided that the seller's price-mark on the fly-leaf of a book sent by mail, subjects the whole to letter postage.

Wine Making in America.

We see it stated that an order has been sent from Washington to Southern Hungary for some cuttings of the vine of the genuine Tokay grape, with a view to introduce the cultivation of that famous grape as an experiment in this country, in the hope that we too may be able to produce the Tokay wine. We predict that the trial will prove a failure. It will, unless this grape behaves very differently in our soil and climate from other imported varieties, which have uniformly failed, so far as we are informed, in every case where out-door or vineyard cultivation has been attempted. We hope, however, the experiment will be tried. In Europe, where there were no native grapes, imported kinds were introduced and flourished; here, we have several varieties of native grapes, and the foreign sorts dwindle and die out after a few years, as often as their cultivation is attempted.

An enormous cask passed up State street yesterday on its way to the wine cellar of Messrs. E. Page & Co., under the reservoir in Derne street. Its capacity is 2,400 gallons, probably the largest cask in this country, except one or two in the cellars of Nicholas Longworth, in Cincinnati. Messrs. Page & Co. have recently leased several of the arches under the reservoir, and fitted them up for the purpose of making their wines from native fruit. This makes the finest cellar in the country. One of the arches in which there are three stories, 180 feet by 40. The wine which this firm makes received a medal at the last Mechanics' Fair, and is the purest wine that can possibly be made. Dr. Hayes has analyzed it, and found that it contains but 12 or 14 per cent. of alcoholic spirits.—Boston Post.

In Connecticut the making of wine from native grapes is getting to be a considerable business, and it is found to be profitable—especially when the wine is well made. The abundant growth of native grapes in Tolland, Glastenbury, Stafford, and other towns, is being turned to some account, and we hope more attention will be paid to the business. Wine from these grapes sells readily at prices varying from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per gallon, according to age. One gentleman in Stafford has for many years filled his cellar with wine of his own making, and he sells all he can make. Gen. Case, of Canton, also makes a good article. Specimens of wine from the white native grape of this vicinity we have found to be excellent.

In Portland, opposite Middletown, there are sections where the wild fox grape grows in such abundance that people living in that vicinity might avail themselves of it to make wine of it to advantage. At our last State Fair in Hartford, there were one or two specimens of improved portable wine presses, and quite a variety of different kinds of wine made in this State. Several persons in this city and neighborhood are now in the habit of making their own wine, and they fancy it to be equal to any imported article—certainly better than the stuff sold under the name of wine, in most places.—Hartford Times, July 25.

The Coliseum at Rome.

The Coliseum is one of the grandest ruins in the world. It is one of those rare buildings whose reality surpasses any engraving. Everybody knows the form of it, but few can rightly estimate its magnificent proportions without seeing it. The seats rose in terraces four stories high; each story was about forty feet high. In fact, the height of the outer wall was one hundred and fifty-seven feet. The arena was two hundred and eighty-seven feet long by one hundred and eighty feet wide. Including the wall the building measured six hundred and twenty feet by five hundred and thirteen, being, as usual, elliptical. The material was the travertine stone, in large blocks, with which brick masonry is intermingled. The blocks of stone were not cemented together, but were kept in their places by iron pins between each two blocks. The walls have been defaced by holes made to get out those iron pins or bolts. The work of destruction on this, as on all other ruins, is arrested, and the present Pope is doing all he can to preserve them.

Some one lately sent the following paragraph to Henry Ward Beecher:

"One day, says Luther, as Satan and his imps were gathered together to consult in relation to their plans, and to give an account of what each had done, one said: 'I let loose the wild beasts upon a caravan of pilgrims, and now their bones lie bleaching upon the sands of the desert.' 'Pshaw,' said the Devil, 'their souls were all saved.' 'And I,' said another, 'by tempest wrecked a ship loaded with Christians, on their way to found a new community.' 'Pshaw,' said the Devil again, 'their souls were all saved.' 'And I,' said a third, 'cultivated an intimate acquaintance with an independent preacher, and after long persuasion I induced him to drop his Bible and go to preaching politics, and then the Devil shouted in exultation till the arches of pandemonium rang, and all the night stars of hell sang together for joy.'"

On last Sunday evening, says a writer in the New York Times, Mr. Beecher read this scrap, during his sermon, and then observed: "Whether Luther ever wrote that or not, it is true. I don't wonder that when the man dropped his Bible and went to preaching politics, he went to the devil at once; but he would have had no trouble if he had lived in our day. It is not such preaching as that that makes disturbances now—it is when a man takes the Bible and applies its truths hissing hot to the side of public affairs that the Devil screams!"

The Cincinnati Commercial thinks it folly to look for high figures this season. It says:

The receipts of wheat during the past week were 120,000 bushels, which is a fair beginning for the year's receipts of grain. It is probable there will be six million bushels of wheat received here the present season. The grain crop in Ohio this year is estimated at 360,000,000 bushels, and of Illinois 250,000,000 bushels. With such immense quantities of breadstuffs as these it is the greatest folly to look for high prices.—Wheat declined 10c per bushel.

Negro Right of Suffrage in Maine.

The decision in the Dred Scott case aroused considerable local interest in Maine, because the Constitution of that State limits the right of suffrage to "male citizens of the United States." Under this clause negroes had always voted. The Legislature, therefore, asked the opinion of the Supreme Justices upon the point whether free colored persons of African descent, otherwise qualified, are authorized to vote by this clause of the Constitution. The majority of the Court have just rendered their opinion in the affirmative. They take the very just ground that the right of citizenship, guaranteed to colored persons in several enumerated States, prior to the adoption of the National Constitution, made such persons citizens of the United States—that in Maine, then being a part of Massachusetts, such persons had the right of suffrage—and that on her separation, the exclusion of negroes from that right was moved in the Constitutional Convention and voted down. From the time of the adoption of the Constitution to the present day, the right to vote has not been denied to any resident of the State, on account of his color. The Constitution does not discriminate between different races of people inhabiting the State, but free colored persons are citizens, in the meaning of that instrument, equally with white men. This opinion was concurred in by Justices Tenney, Rice, Cutting, May and Goodenow. Judge Rice, an active Democrat up to the time when he went upon the Bench, is said to be the author of the opinion. Separate and more elaborate opinions were written by Judges Appleton and Davis, agreeing with that of the majority. Judge Hathaway, the only dissident, defers to the Dred Scott decision, but concludes that Africans not descended from slave ancestors, are citizens.—Chicago Tribune.

Why so Many Children Die.

It is a startling fact that very few people are fit to be parents. Every summer we are rendered melancholy by the terrible record of the sad havoc death makes among our little ones. These deaths are mainly attributed to the heat. This is only an indirect cause of the great mortality among our children. They do not get out-of-door exercise enough, particularly in the winter time. The system of keeping them muffled up beside red-hot stoves, in apartments through which a breath of fresh air scarcely ever passes, during the cold season, predisposes them to disease, and the moment the weather changes, they sicken and die. Children are also permitted to eat an abundance of candies, cakes, nuts and other trash, which should never find access to their stomachs, and many parents allow their very young offspring the use of tea and coffee. These indulgences create a morbid state of the system, which eventually produces severe sickness, and, unless the constitution be particularly robust, and the medical treatment especially skillful, death winds up the affair conclusively. Again, children are not taught the value of frequent ablution. There are many children in this city who seldom or never feel water, excepting upon their hands, faces and feet. With enervated nerves, foul stomachs, and pores stopped up by impure exhalations, our children cannot be expected to thrive when the dog star-rages.—Life Illustrated.

New York Sugar Market.

Of the New York Sugar market, the Evening Post, of the 14th ult., observes: "The news from Cuba, per Empire City, yesterday morning, produced an anxiety on the part of holders to sell, and about 2,000 hhds. Melado, and 1,000 hhds. sugar were sold at a decline of one-fourth cent per pound on the prices current on Monday last. Present prices are about two cents below those ruling six weeks since. Still there is but little disposition to buy at the decline."

"The crop of Cuba, which it was confidently predicted up to last month, would fall short of the previous crop at least twenty per cent., will equal, if not over-run, the crop of last year; and the coming crop of Louisiana now promises to be a very large one, and intelligent planters, now in this city, and recently from their plantations, estimate it will, with usual good weather, reach 400,000 hhds., against 75,000 hhds. last year."

"This fact, with an almost double stock on hand here, and at the neighboring ports, and double prices over former years, prevents speculators and consumers from buying freely. This morning the market is unsettled, and holders are endeavoring to effect sales at prices of yesterday, without success. Thus far no sales have been made."

At the Dental Convention now in session in Boston, some of the Dentists asserted that the main, if not the sole cause of defective teeth, was the use of saleratus and cream of tartar in the manufacture of bread, and Dr. Baker fully agreed with the facts which it stated and gave the results of some experiments which he had made by soaking sound teeth in a solution of saleratus. The teeth were destroyed in fourteen days. Mr. Spalding, of St. Louis, did not believe that alkali injured teeth, but acknowledged that saleratus did. Saleratus, in his opinion, was not an alkali. Dr. Kendrick, of New Orleans, considered the great means of keeping the teeth healthy was to keep them clean.

WORKING SUNDAY.—Under this caption Rev. Mr. Drew, of the Rural Intelligencer, discourses upon the text: "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day?" and takes up the subject of making hay on the Sabbath. He contends that when the honest farmer has cut his grass in its proper time, and heaven has sent such weather as makes it necessary for him to operate upon it, on the Sabbath, his case comes within the exception to the rule, and is that "necessity" which the laws of God and man both justify.

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your treasure?" "Oh, yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."